



# The American McAll Record

October, 1902

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# THE AMERICAN McALL RECORD

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Dr. and Mrs. Parkhurst have been spending the summer abroad, as usual, and as usual have been much at Vevey. The first days of September they spent in Paris, leaving for England on the sixth. They sailed from Liverpool September 19th, on the *Celtic*, and we trust that a safe passage brought them home before the end of the month.

Our General Secretary, Miss Harriet Harvey, spent her vacation abroad and was able to see something of the Mission. She arrived in this country September 8th, and in a letter written the next day, she says; "It meant much to me and thrilled me as I had not dreamed of being—an inspiration which I hope may come out in earnest work, if not in words. Simply to meet the workers there must mean much to any one."

It is delightful to welcome back to his appointed work, after two years of great suffering, our honored director, the Rev. Charles S. Greig. It is indeed, just a year since he resumed some part of his duty, but he was still a sufferer, very far from well. Happily the past summer's rest has well nigh completed his recovery. An article from Mr. Greig's pen, reprinted from the July *Paris Quarterly*, will be read with interest as giving his view of the work after his long retirement.

The Mission is sorely bereaved in the death of Pastor Roger Hollard, which occurred on June 5th, after a brief illness. He was one who welcomed Dr. McAll in the very outset of the work, and helped in it from the beginning. For fifteen years, he spoke every Monday evening in the *Bonne Nouvelle* Hall. He was pastor of the Luxembourg Free Church, a man greatly beloved. Mr. Hollard was brother-in-law of Pastor Bersier, and cousin of the Pastor-Senator de Pressensé.

Another loss was sustained by the Mission in the death of Dr. Henry T. Hunter, well known in this country, his native land. On another page will be found a tribute to his memory.

Pastor Jean Monnier, whose work among students and in the Mission halls has long been a blessing, has now joined the Paris Board.

Do not forget the request made by the General Secretary last spring, that notice of any change in officers be sent very promptly to the Bureau.

Our Paris newspapers announce the appearance of the thirtieth annual report of the Mission, but it has not yet reached us. The last Paris *Record* contains many interesting incidents from the report, some of which will be found elsewhere.

Mrs. Soltau's annual sale for the benefit of the Mission will be held about the middle of November. It is requested that articles for the sale, if any are yet to be sent, be sent in small parcels, as they are more likely to escape the duty. The sale last year netted about \$600.00

M. Eugène Réveillaud, editor of *Le Signal*, a daily religious newspaper, an active worker in our Mission halls and a member of the Paris Board, was elected a member of the French Chamber of Deputies at the general election in April. M. Réveillaud has twice visited this country in the interest of religious work in France.

A long interval between a pledge and the possibility of its fulfillment is naturally chilling to enthusiasm. Nevertheless, we feel very sure that those delegates who at the annual meeting made pledges for the guarantee fund will be earnest and prompt in bringing the subject before their Auxiliaries, at the first possible opportunity after the opening of the autumn work. The urgency of the cause is just as great as when we were all fired with enthusiasm about it last May.

So long a time we have been waiting and hoping for the assurance that the new boat was actually finished and at work, that no one will object to hearing a good deal about the boat work, now that *La Bonne Nouvelle* is actually in commission. Her first campaign began where the story, "The Silent Highway," begins. The canalized river Loiret, which connects the waters of the Seine with those of the Loire, is provided with locks too narrow for *Le Bon Messager*, and therefore this part of the country had not yet been visited. It was, therefore, a safe locality for a work semi-fictitious, as such a story must be. But the descriptions of locality, customs, ideas, etc., were drawn from the reality, and therefore readers of that story will be able to follow all the more intelligently the recent journey of the new boat; and it will be remembered that, though necessarily the framework of "The Silent Highway" is fictitious, the religious histories of the characters therein are all drawn from the life, even, in most cases, to the very words they utter.

The annual meeting of the Mission was held this year in our hall of the Salle Rivoli (New York Hall), and in the afternoon, instead of in the evening, as before. The hall was filled, and while our own people mustered in force, but few of the friends from the churches came, it being probably too far away for their convenience. Quite possibly, a greater good was accomplished by giving the regular attendants at this long established hall, and their friends and neighbors, a picture of the great extent and large usefulness of the Mission, than would have been effected by rehearsing the story to the usual audience, who are pretty well acquainted with it already. At all events the meeting was a most hearty one, and the interest never flagged. The report read by Mr. Greig seemed to be more than usually filled with striking illustrations of the power of the Gospel to reach hearts and bring blessing to all sorts and conditions of men, and some of the incidents of that report are given elsewhere in this number. The address by Pastor Richard, of Lille-Fives, on his work among the "hooligans" of that great centre was most telling, and Pastor Bach's closing exhortation was a fitting termination to what all felt to have been a most profitable and happy gathering.

That the Church at large is beginning to recognize the significance of the McAll Mission receives another illustration from the fact that *The Friend* of Honolulu for last May contains a long article on the Evangelical movement in France, nearly a third of which is devoted to an account of this Mission.

A valuable article by Pastor Charles Merle D'Aubigné in a recent number of a Scottish religious magazine will appear in the next RECORD, having been crowded out of this October number—always overtaxed, owing to the long interval between it and the previous issue. The article describes "The Reform Movement in the Roman Catholic Church in France," a subject touched upon by the editor of the RECORD in her address at the annual meeting in Morristown. It is a movement of vital importance to the religious and also to the political well-being of France, and one concerning which supporters of the McAll Mission will not wish to be ignorant or misinformed. The daily press and often even the religious press of this country do not fully understand the profound significance of present religious movements in France.

One reason why the address of the editor of the RECORD at the Morristown meeting was not given to the Publication Committee for the annual Report was, that religious history is making so fast in France, that much which was true when she spoke on "The Religious Crisis in France" would have been more or less out of date and superseded when the report was read. The assurance given in the Report, that "Mrs. Houghton is willing to repeat it" before any Auxiliary that may care to hear it stands good, however; only in such a case, it will be the story of "The Religious Crisis in France" revised and brought down to date. It is a story which grows more interesting and more important with every succeeding month.

## WILLIAM BEMENT LENT—A Tribute

The American McAll Association, and the Mission in France, have met an irreparable loss in the death of Mr. Lent, who was called home after an illness of two weeks, on June 23d. No work for Christ and His cause ever had a truer friend than Mr. Lent, and though the McAll Mission was only one of many interests to which he gave thought and prayer and generous contributions, yet so self-forgetting was he, so ardently and lovingly devoted to the service of Christ in whatever guise the opportunity might present itself, that his fellow workers in each cause might well believe that this was the one interest to which his whole life was devoted. Surely the McAll workers on this side of the ocean and on the other might well have thought so.

Delegates to the annual meeting of last May will never forget the benediction of his presence, his intense interest in every question that came before us. Very frail in body he was then, but his spirit was so strong, his delight in all good things so keen, so boyish even, that it seemed impossible not to look forward to many years of his active co-operation in our work. Heaven is the richer for his presence to-day—dare we say that we and the cause we love are the poorer? Are we not sure that not even the bliss of heaven can rob us of his sympathetic help? Who can dream by what potent ministries he may even now be serving the McAll Mission and other forms of our Lord's work on earth?

To write of Mr. Lent's beautiful life is impossible here. Sixty years ago he was born in Poughkeepsie, where on that June day they laid him to rest among his kindred of several generations. Much of his life was passed in New York, and here was his home, although his translation was from beautiful Norfolk, Conn., where he loved to spend his summers. He traveled much abroad, and the harvest of his eye was garnered into a number of lovely books: "Halcyon Days," "Across the Country of the Little King," and perhaps others, the proceeds of which were dedicated to the McAll Mission or other unselfish works. His pen supplemented these generous gifts. Year after year he wrote for the New York Auxiliary a thrilling appeal for

greater generosity for this cause. What additions to the contributions of that Auxiliary are due to these tracts we cannot know, but that they were very potent we do know. His last McAll leaflet, "1902," was adopted by the Board and widely distributed, and is advertised with our other publications in this number. Years ago the New York Auxiliary made him its historian and the keeper of its archives. He was always ready with a contribution for any special emergency or special need; his purse was as truly consecrated as himself. The women of our New York Hall bless his name for the annual outings which he gave them, and the workers for his generosity in refitting and redecorating the hall.

The Madison Square Church, of which he was an active member, will miss him greatly, and Dr. and Mrs. Parkhurst, of whom he was an intimate and cherished friend. His social circle was of the best the city could afford, for he knew how to draw around him the most cultured minds, the most refined personalities, the most genial spirits, men and women who have never been moved by the sordid or the selfish attractions of modern city life. His circle of friends will miss him sorely.

There is one to whom the tender sympathy of every member of the McAll Association must go out in this time of bereavement. Miss Aletta Lent, a Director of our Board, known to nearly every Auxiliary by her presence and her words at their annual or special meetings, beloved by all who have ever met her, is bereaved indeed by the departure of the one whose loss is so much to all of us. Of the love between this brother and sister, of their lovely home life, their fellowship in everything good and beautiful, this is not the place to speak, except with thanks to God who has given to us in these two friends so bright and so beautiful an example of family affection and mutual service. Never did brother and sister more marvelously supplement one another than Mr. and Miss Lent, and it is difficult for any who knew them to think of one without the other. Let us all pray for her whom God still spares to us, that He may give her a double measure of His felt presence to sustain her in her loneliness. And as one and another is removed from us to higher service let us close up the ranks and labor the more earnestly and self-denyingly as they would have us do.



## OF THE FAUBOURG ST. ANTOINE, PARIS

REV. C. E. GREIG, M.A.

When I took up again the active oversight of the work of the Faubourg Saint Antoine in October last, I was especially struck by the strength of the bond that had kept together so large a staff during the long months of my absence. Doubtless the school was somewhat noisy, the meetings were none too well attended, the C. E. S. had gone to sleep, but the teachers were there at work and had been there all along, visits had been regularly made, meetings of all kinds kept up and a central direction exercised and loyally upheld. The child had managed to walk alone.

Not only do I feel most grateful to all those who thus kept the work together during my absence (especially M. Cooreman, Mme Bertrand and Mlle Raimond), but I thank God for permitting us to see that "the Faubourg" is an organism living by its own inherent vitality, or rather getting its strength and direction from God Himself, guided by His Spirit.

From October onward the work has been going on energetically and hopefully. The ringleaders in mischief at the schools have been checkmated, two have been forbidden the hall, and the others realize that there is no more fun to be had; some we hope have been really changed. The numbers kept up well between November and March, and it looks as though the Easter Gingerbread Fair was going to beguile away fewer children than usual. As in former years the proportion of elder children has been relatively large, and I have had some excellent elements in my young communicants' class.

The adult meetings are decidedly encouraging. That on Sunday evening (thanks partly to the help given by the members of the violin class) is most interesting, a large proportion of the hearers being young people, with a good sprinkling of passers-by. On Wednesdays the attendance is smaller, which is perhaps the reason why one notices the number of men who come in and stay at least for a part of the meeting. The series of historical addresses that I gave between November and March, on the Life of Jesus of Nazareth, deeply interested the more thoughtful of the young people, but did not attract any

members of the "Université Populaire," situated just opposite our hall. It is true that some of these men came to one of the first of the series, but they were somewhat disconcerted when I received their criticisms with delight, and offered to arrange for a special meeting when all such questions could be discussed in detail. They accepted at first, but always found some good reason for not presenting themselves on the date fixed; and it ended in nothing, except that an impression was left that we had been perfectly loyal, and that we must be profoundly convinced of the strength of our position, since we accepted discussion so readily.

The most striking feature of the year's work is the movement among the Bretons, and as a consequence, the modification of the Monday prayer-meeting. For many years M. Théodore Monod has conducted a prayer-meeting on that evening with the help of his Breton Evangelist, M. Guillou, who naturally brought in a good many of his fellow-countrymen. But the addresses and hymns in Breton did not interest those who understood nothing but French, and the meeting grew smaller and smaller. This year, our committee granted the use of the hall on Saturday evenings for a meeting specially for Bretons, and on Thursday afternoons for a Breton school. These are well attended, and the Monday meeting, delivered of the Breton incubus, has become one of the best of the week, though the evangelistic element predominates now to the exclusion of the prayers. A Christian lady, member of M. Monod's church, who is always present, and who visits the people also in company with our Bible-woman, has done a great deal to ensure the success of this most interesting branch of the work.

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An interesting evidence of the earnestness with which French Christians are seeking the moral uplift of their nation is shown by a series of six prizes, offered this summer by the Young People's League of Nimes, for the best essays by boys and girls between twelve and sixteen years old, on the subject, "Are you willing to fight against evil? Why, and how?" Imagine children in our schools being invited to think seriously on such a question!

## THE NEW BOAT

*La Bonne Nouvelle* got off to work last April. The boat is a beautiful one, somewhat larger than the old one, and able to go through all the locks and canals in the country. In charge of M. and Mme Dautry, it was taken up to the little town of St. Mammès, not far from Fontainebleau, where the meetings were begun; and it is now going on its way down the Canal du Loing, towards Nemours, and so southwards, to parts which we have as yet never visited in this way. There are three living rooms and a kitchen on board, and great attention has been paid to the heating and ventilation, so that the boat is comfortable in all weathers, and is kept perfectly dry and habitable. Most of the money for its construction and fitting came from friends in America. A small sum is still needed to complete the payment of every expense of the building and furnishing. Many are the cases of blessing that we are permitted to see in this work. Not long since we heard from a friend in Switzerland that a young man from a mountain village near Zurich, getting tired of the old home, insisted on leaving his parents, to "see life." He came to France, and following only too faithfully the example of the prodigal, he was glad, at length, to hire himself to a small farmer to keep himself from starving. The man was a hard worker himself, and made his young laborer toil from early morning till sunset. The life was a hard one, but God was leading the lad by a way he little thought of. One evening he observed that all the population of the little village was streaming down to the river-bank. He followed, and there he saw a strange-looking craft moored alongside, and all lit up. Some strains of sweet music were heard, and, as he listened, a home-sick feeling took possession of him, as for the first time in France he heard the old hymns so often sung in the little Swiss village. He went on board, and the solemn words of the speakers, on the story of the Rich Man and Lazarus, deeply impressed him. He went regularly every evening, for he saw that he was losing his own soul and had gained nothing. Soon the Spirit of God showed him clearly the way of life, and not long after, he returned to his father's Swiss châtelet, with a new heart and to live a new life.

Messrs. Tricot, de Rougemont, Lacuve and others have

been taking the meetings, with M. Dautry. We would commend this new work to the prayers of all our friends. The boat is going to parts that we have never before visited, and we shall need much wisdom and clear direction from God for each step of the way.—*Wm. Soltau, in The London Christian.*

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### WITH THE NEW BOAT

S. R. BROWN.

Two weeks in August were spent at the Mission boats, except Sundays. First with the *Bon Messenger*, when it closed its mission at Nogent-sur-Marne, a most successful one, when crowds heard the good news. Before she left her moorings, a day before the words "Let go" were pronounced "Monsieur le Maire de Saulchery" attended by his secretary, "Monsieur l'Instituteur," arrived to inquire when it would be their turn to receive a visit—so eager are they to hear the Gospel. Saturday morning, as the train brought me to town, I saw the boat was at her new station. M. Huet had profited by the moonlight to drift down with the current when he had all the river to himself.

*La Bonne Nouvelle* had just begun her work at St. Pierre. I alighted at Nemours, and inquired for the *conférence* boat. The postman directed me. Nemours is an ancient city, once a duchy, in the good old times when a Bourbon lived in the castle, and the monks owned the soil. The town is surrounded by a moat filled with water, and women and maidens were kneeling alongside, each armed with a wooden spatula, and were beating the clothes, and shaking them in the blue-tinted waters. Surely it was washing day at Nemours, on August 19, 1902.

Crossing a bridge, I caught a view of the river Loing. The view was lovely. The river here is left to itself. The water fowl had built their nest in beds of rushes, the water-lilies covered large spots with their flat leaves, and golden flowers timidly peeped up on the water. Large weeds, like green ribbons, curled and floated on the lazy stream, whose banks were lined with tall sombre elms, silver beeches, and a weeping-wil-

low which relieved the proud elms, by drooping its branches into the water. Let us sit down to admire this thing of beauty. What is the hurry? Nature is here left to herself. None of your automobile rush, shaking, screaming, frightening man and beast. So we sat down by a fisherman, who was fishing with live bait to catch live pike. What a lesson for a "Fisher of men!" Living words to catch men.

Here at the bridge, we came to the canal; I did not admire it. The beautiful, sacrificed for the useful. Nature is to be preferred to art. The trees that lined its banks offered, however, a grateful shade.

And *La Bonne Nouvelle* is in sight. The captain, in shirt sleeves and trousers tucked up, is heaving water on the roof, while a Christian Endeavorer, from Bercy church, is driving off the spiders and washing the white roof. This over, both take a dip in the canal. Surely I am right—'tis washing day at Nemours.

A board announces the meetings, and

**Visitors** that visitors may visit the boat. I wanted to catch "first impressions!" "Jolie," said the women, meaning "it is pretty." "C'est coquet," said some girls, which needs no translation. "Chic!" exclaimed some woodmen from the woods near. That is "*smart, perfect.*" A lady asked if we were not following the stream, going in for style, an evolution from the old nude sombre temples of the past. All expressed their admiration, and M. le Maire, who was a visitor with two friends, bought a Testament.

These were not so large as on the

**Meetings** Marne. The boat was fifteen minutes away along the canal, at St. Pierre les Nemours. Our subject was the Gospel according to Paul, Rom. 1, 16, 17, God's glad tidings, revealed to the apostles and made known to us. A Gospel of power! Power to save all who accepted, by faith, its God-sent message. At Nemours, it has proved itself the power of God unto salvation to some with whom we conversed. Nay, we go further, and with reason affirm, that the message at St. Peter's near Nemours was a word of life to one, who passed from a troubled heart to peace, from darkness to light, from death to life.

It happened in this wise:

As we left the boat at 9.45, the moon tipped the elms and gave us light. Groups of persons were returning homewards; we joined some women in earnest talk.

"They are discussing a point of theology," said our Christian Endeavorer.

"Can we help you, ladies?"

"Certainly!" said the chief speaker. "I was saying, these things are new to us. Your religion is better than ours."

Then questions were asked about candles at the altar, incense, forgiveness of sins, etc. French people don't talk and walk, so we stood on the bridge, talking in the moonlight.

One said "The conferences have disturbed my faith, and I am in great trouble."

It was suggested that she and her friend (a happy cheerful soul who had found peace and joy through believing) should visit the boat next day. They came, and as we sat down, madame changed her place, saying: "I don't want my uncle to see me, if he passes this way. Fear of my aunt kept me from the boat at Nemours."

"You remind me of Nicodemus; he came by night, you come by day. He wanted to enter the Kingdom, so do you. And as I told you last night, you are not far from the Kingdom."

She looked at me, her eyes full of tears, her face scarlet. She seldom raised her eyes during our interview.

Her friend laid a parcel on the table, and unwrapped it. It was a parcel of books, a Protestant Bible and some new books from M. Tricot, "The Way to Follow," a Catholic *paroissien* marked, a catechism. M. Dautry added a Catholic Bible and I had my Testament. Our table looked like a student's desk.

"Now tell me all that is in your heart!"

There followed a string of questions on the Vulgate, the Virgin, the Ten Commandments, priestly confession and forgiveness—the crucial question. We went through them, she reading answers from my Testament. Hers was the unsatisfied hungry heart, craving to know the truth.

Then I said: "Madame, you are beating around the bush. There is a deeper want—you want to be saved. Are you?"

"Oh, no sir! I am not good enough. I sat up till one o'clock this morning reading and praying."

"How did you pray?"

"Like you, sir; from my heart!"

"Let us see what Jesus says, as to 'How can these things be.'" We read together the words in John 3, 16, etc.

Once she raised her eyes to look at her friend saying:

"It is so! Whosoever believeth hath eternal life!"

I asked "Who is meant by whosoever?"

"*Oh! c'est moi!* It is I!"

Then we looked at John 1, 12. A solemn moment! She read, I explained, and when the words came, "To them who received Him, to them gave He power to become children of God," slowly, taking in each word, as glad tidings, she went through verse 13.

"'Born not of flesh'—you understand that?"

"Oh, yes! Flesh is human nature; it is evil." Then she continued "not of the will of man but of God." She stopped, she looked to her friend and said: "Then I am born, *born of God*. I must live now, life is Christ." She turned to me, her voice trembled. Without excitement, with emotion, she just accepted God's testimony. I repeated "Born again—by the word of God which liveth forever."

"It is so—oh! yes!"

"Now we will give thanks." I prayed and added "Now pray, madame."

"I cannot before you. At home I will."

Afterwards I asked "Have you long been anxious about your salvation?"

"Some time, but it wore away. The preaching at the boat brought on my trouble. I have only attended five times."

The trouble was gone; peace had come to replace it.

They all came back to the meeting at night. I put down the addresses of four persons, and promised a letter from a lady or myself. We parted at the bridge.

So *La Bonne Nouvelle* hath brought glad tidings of great joy to those I met, and to many we know not yet.

## LIGHT AND SHADE

Jottings of Mission Work in France

W. SOLTAU.

Writing in mid-summer, in the "dead season," when all work slacks down and workers are thinking of getting off for a few weeks' well-earned rest and change, we have many things to record, that, as we look back on the past few months, show us how deep is the need around, and how true it is that the Lord Himself is ever working in heart and conscience, leading us by ways that we knew not, and showing to our weak faith and dulled expectation that He is ever the same Lord over all, rich to all who call upon him in truth.

Two conversations, that I have lately had with two new acquaintances, have made a deep impression on my mind. A few weeks since, I received a call from a gentleman of some fifty years of age, sent to us by one of the Paris pastors. His story was as follows: The youngest of nine children, the father a Protestant, but the mother a Catholic, he was trained up in the religion of his mother, and became a most devout member of the Catholic church. Having received a good education, he was for a number of years secretary in the family of a French nobleman, and took active part in propagating his faith. He was a writer on the staff of *La Croix*, the notorious Catholic paper, and was one of the promoters of the worship of St. Anthony of Padua, which has taken so great a place of recent years in Catholic devotion and has brought in enormous sums to the priests' coffers. Doubting never, full of faith and zeal, it seemed little likely—least of all to him—that he would ever turn from his manner of life, and seek to build up what he had so long tried to destroy.

He said that before this he so firmly believed in the doctrine of transubstantiation, that he would never dare to touch the wafer with his teeth, lest his mouth should *be filled with blood*.

Some four years ago, listening to a sermon, he heard the priest explain, for the fiftieth time, that at the altar the priest is more mighty than God. This suddenly struck him as a most strange assertion, and though by no means new, and to be found in the writings of St. Thomas-à-Kempis, he began to wonder as to its truthfulness.



He sought the advice of a Jesuit confessor, who assured him of its exactitude, that the priest could summon God from heaven at his bidding to dwell on the altar, and that the bread and wine did literally become the flesh and blood of the Saviour. Finding no satisfaction in the answer, he sought a Dominican, and received the same response, though, when pressed, the Dominican only lost his temper and told our friend that he was in danger of losing his soul, if he doubted, and that he must pray and continue to take the sacrament, and his doubts would vanish.

Feeling less and less satisfied, M. G. began to seek for more light. Being in a château in Brittany, he discovered a Bible with notes by a Bishop, who was evidently more enlightened than many, and this helped him to understand the New Testament. Still he was in much darkness, hoping to find some middle way of reconciling his revised beliefs with his old customs. But he felt it was useless; so he remembered that in the Rue de Grenelle, Paris, he had often passed a Protestant church, and he thought he had better consult a Protestant pastor. He accordingly addressed a letter "*à Monsieur le Recteur,*" and received an answer from Pastor Gout, who introduced him to his venerable father, at the church of Ste Marie. Strange that these two churches,—Pentemont and Ste Marie,—were two of the churches given by Napoleon to the Protestants at the making of the Concordat!

Light then began to break, and last Good Friday he took his place at the Lord's table in a little church outside Paris, confessing to be a sinner saved only by the grace of God, through faith in the finished work of the Lord Jesus.

M. G. is a widower with two daughters, both joining sisterhoods, and greatly scandalized at the falling away of their father from "the true faith."

We have had at our prayer meeting the last four weeks, a young ex-priest who has just thrown off the *soutane* and come out as an "*évadé.*" Yesterday, July 25th, I had a talk with him, having previously known a little of his story. He told me that he was stationed at Ménilmontant, in the east end of Paris, working very zealously among the boys, with a large "patronage" under his care. Some time ago, they had a dis-

cussion-meeting on the question of the difference between Catholic and Protestant. As he said, not one of them knew anything of Protestantism at first-hand, and the conclusions that they reached were ludicrous in the extreme. The final result of their deliberation was that, while the simple and ignorant of the Protestants would probably be saved by the mercy of God, if they were sincere, their leaders and pastors could not be, being liars and deceivers, and knowing perfectly well that they were so! They were in fact already judged of God, and were without hope as without excuse.

M. L. thought that it would be interesting to have a talk with one of these pastors, to see how he would answer certain very difficult questions, and how he would manage to shuffle out by means of falsehoods and specious reasonings. So, not having any idea where to find a specimen of the race, he took the Paris *Botin*, or directory, and began to search for one. After a time, his eye lit on the words, "Cordey, H., pasteur, rue —————," accordingly he put himself in communication with the said M. Cordey, and he could not have made a more happy find. Surely God was directing him in his research in the great *Botin*. M. Cordey is the pastor of the free church, and, with great intellectual gifts, possesses a wonderful simplicity of manner and kindness of heart, having nothing of the "Protestant priest" about him. It may be imagined what kind of a welcome M. L. found, and it was not long before, to his surprise, he found that the falsehoods and misrepresentations did not lie with the pastors. He is soon leaving for Neuchâtel, where he will be under the care of Professor Georges Godet and such like, to be taught the way of God more perfectly. His great desire is to take up work among the young and train them up for the truth and for the Lord Jesus.

Some weeks ago, four young pastors were set apart in Paris for the foreign field. One of these was Georges Baltzer, a child of the Mission, having been trained up in the schools at the Faubourg St. Antoine along with his brothers, and who is now going forth as a worker for his Lord either to Africa or to Madagascar. This is not the only fruit of the McAll Mission to be found serving the Lord far away. The following account from Marseilles will show how wide-spread is the influence of

the Mission work in France. One never knows where the good will be manifested, nor what great results God will bring forth from our very humble efforts.

One Sunday there came into our Gospel Temperance meeting a young-looking man, short and active in appearance. He walked boldly up to the platform, saying, "I desire to give my testimony." As he was seen thus advancing, the whole hall began to cheer, so well known was he to many of the members.

"I am an evangelist from the Congo, at home for a time of rest, but hoping soon to be there again. The climate of the Congo is most unhealthy, the heat tropical. I drink nothing but water, and no other member of the Mission has better health than I. It was here, in this hall, that one Sunday I heard about the love of God in Jesus Christ. The question was put, 'Who desires to be saved?' I held up my hand; for I was a poor slave of strong drink, a victim of sin. Thanks be to God, I am saved, and I believe in the Lord Jesus. I have no greater joy than to tell to all poor lost sinners, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus and you too will be saved, for he who speaks to you is the chief of sinners, and yet I can say, Christ has saved me.'"

The whole audience was deeply moved by these words, when from the bottom of the hall came a voice, "I desire to speak." A man made his way to the platform, young, intelligent face, bright eye, clear, firm voice. "I too am a missionary, and from the Congo, and I little thought to have found a colleague here. He comes from the French Congo, I from the Belgian Congo, though I am a Frenchman. Although I was born in the Bourgogne, I drink no wine nor strong drink, and I can join with my friend in his testimony to the good of total abstinence.

"I too was converted in this hall! One day I was passing along the quay, on the point of embarking for Australia to make my fortune there, when I read on the front of the hall the words, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul? What shall he give in exchange for his soul?' I stopped, I came in to the meeting, I heard the Gospel, I believed it and I was saved. The only thing I could do was to consecrate my life to Jesus Christ, and God led me, not to Australia, but to the Congo, not to please myself nor to make a fortune, but to give myself to the poor heathen. I should never have found in a fortune the joy I have in my heart, for not only do I believe for myself, but I have seen hundreds of poor blacks believe also, and thanks to my witness for Christ, they have come out of the darkness into the light of the Gospel. Many of them will be before you in the Kingdom of God."

As may be supposed, this double testimony greatly impressed

the people, and many wept as the two missionaries embraced each other.

The work on board the two Mission boats fills our hearts with thankfulness. The new boat, *La Bonne Nouvelle*, is doing well, and the gatherings on board have been most interesting. Visiting new ground, in districts where such work has not been before attempted, we follow with great joy its progress. The past three months have been well spent in small places not far from the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau. Turning southwards, the boat is traveling farther from Paris. Last Sunday, the meeting was deeply interesting. Some 240 crammed on board and as many more were standing on the banks to try and listen. M. Tricot is now on board for a time, and his weighty and striking testimony cannot fail to be much blessed.

The *Bon Messager* is on the Marne, and similar work is going forward, crowded meetings and great interest.

To-day is the day of salvation for France. Let us then press on and renew our zeal and energy, and go forward in the name of our Lord, with His message of mercy and gladness in our hands, to win for His Kingdom many more from *la belle France*.

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#### SIGNS FOLLOWING

##### Gleanings From the French Annual Reports

"Monsieur," said a young man to me in "I Would be Like Jesus" an after-meeting, "I was in this hall last Sunday. I came in laughing, but I went out feeling ashamed of myself and intensely miserable. I believed in nothing, was a fighting anarchist, and had had to leave my country to escape the police. Could it really be that God loved us so as to give for us His Son, and that His Son gave Himself for us to die in our place, and that His death saves from condemnation all who believe in Him? Why then, all is simple and just meant for all. I have been reading all the week the Testament you sold me, and light has come to me. I have no longer my heart full of hatred; I would be like Jesus Christ, and I have begun by burning all the anarchist books and papers that I have with me."

**Poor but Rich** I have received from a very poor woman several sums for our work, amounting in all to two francs. She is aged, and gains her living by working in a factory, and says she desires to show how grateful she is for the blessing received at our hall at Amiens. She cannot read, and is looked upon as not very intelligent, but she has a brave heart. When teased by the workmen at the factory because she attends the meetings, she replied with humility, and yet with quickness, "You say that I am stupid, and that no one can possibly understand what is said at the meetings. That only shows that you are more stupid than I am, because, although I cannot read, I can well understand all that I hear at the salle!"

**She Gained Her Lawsuit** A woman has been led to faith in Christ in a strange way. She is ignorant and rough, and having a matter in dispute before the courts, she was in great fear of losing her case. The day of the trial, seeming to hear already the insidious questions being put to her by the lawyer, the idea came suddenly into her mind to ask help from God. "O God, they say at the *conférence* that you help poor people. Give me the right words to say before these gentlemen, and do not let me get into a mess." She won her case, and was so struck by the answer to her prayer, that she gave herself in all simplicity to Him who had so quickly answered her. She told me of the courage of her grandson, a lad of thirteen, whom she had formerly brought to our meetings, but whose Catholic parents had removed from her care. When the priest came to get him to prepare for his first communion, he refused. "And why not?" he was asked. "Because I do not want to act a part," was his reply.

**Sunshine on the Way** The bible-study meetings have been much appreciated. "Now I see clearly," said one, "I have sunshine on my way. It is just as though I held the Saviour by the hand."

An old woman getting her daily bread by mending sacks, thus described her life to the bible-reader. "On Saturday I work late and do double, so as to be free on Sunday. Then I

go to the chapel and to the Mission hall, and I feast myself all day long. When I come in here I find the light. \* \* \* It is Himself—Jesus. He is there, and I am so happy.”

**Old and Young Receive Blessing** From the Rue d'Allemagne come many cheering incidents. The evening meetings have been the means of blessing to many.

Mme G., who has been coming for three years now, says she cannot understand herself at all. “Certainly the change is very deep that God has wrought in my heart, because formerly I was very easily provoked, and it would not have been safe to say to me what I have to bear now from my fellow-workpeople. I have passed through much sorrow, but I say to the Lord. ‘Give me patience, I pray Thee,’ and so I can listen to all that is said without answering a word.” She is much persecuted because she comes to the meetings, and grossly is she insulted for this. She has already induced three of her friends to come with her, all aged and sad, and Mme G. hopes that they will find the same Saviour as she has found.

Mlle V. is a young woman well brought up, and has been taught by the Sisters of Charity. She is overjoyed now that she has the Bible for herself. “If we could only persuade the Catholics to read the Bible, they would soon turn away from the errors of their religion, and they would enter into that peace that Jesus alone can give. I always loved God and tried to obey Him, but I was never at rest, and could never feel satisfied with my attainments. Now I understand that salvation comes through our Lord alone and not from ourselves. My heart is free, I seem to be relieved of a great burden.”

**Little Parisians Not All Heathens** Two of our children, Marcel and Robert D., were taken by their mother to Brittany, on the doctor's advice, and their grandparents were dreading the arrival of these little ones, fearing to find them two little atheists, with no knowledge of God. Great was their joy and surprise, when, at the first meal, the little ones joined their hands and with closed eyes repeated the prayer that Mme Chenay had taught them at the Sunday school. They had to explain to the grandparents where they had learned this, and to describe all that went on in the Mission

Hall in far-off Paris and to sing their sweet Christmas hymns. The old people were delighted to know that there were such places in Paris where children were thus taught.

“Weary and Worn and Sad” A visit in old Paris, up on the sixth story of an old house, right in the heart of the great “Ville Lumière.” Our visit was expected, and the room was clean and bright. A cup of coffee awaited us, and the Bible by its side. She was a happy woman formerly, but her husband had the misfortune to inherit 32,000 francs from his mother, and he deserted her.

Sorrow ruined her health and she determined on suicide. She began to sell off all she had, when one day she turned into a Catholic church, and the priest seemed to know all that was passing in her heart, for his sermon was just directed at her, she thought.

She was turned from her evil purpose, and got some work, but was no happier, till one day she passed by the Salle Rivoli and was asked to go in. “I have no bonnet on.” “That is nothing, you can enter just as you are.” “But I am a Catholic!” “That makes no difference, all are welcome, Jews as well as Catholics.” The word laid hold of her, and she never missed since. She found the Lord Jesus was a friend of the friendless, the Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep.

“I am His sheep, I am so happy, I know that all my sins are forgiven me.” She was to join a Church last Whitsunday.

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#### WITH THE BON MESSENGER

We have only good news to chronicle concerning the work of the three months which complete the ten years of activity of the *Bon Messenger*.

The boat left Chierry and reached the town of Château Thierry on the 23d of March. The previous visit several years ago had not left a very favorable impression on the minds of the workers, and we wondered if it would be found wise to stay there more than a few days; but our fears proved to be groundless and the meetings were most interesting. Essomes was then visited and after that Azy, where we are still work-

ing. The inclement weather interfered not a little with the meetings, but it was astonishing to see how many made their way through mud and water, along the dark and slippery bank, to get to the boat.

Writing on the 26th of May, from Azy, M. Huet says :

“ With the return of fine weather, we had yesterday one of the most splendid meetings that we have ever held on board. At two o'clock the boat was overfilled with children and their parents, and in the evening some three hundred persons were crammed in, and there must have been quite two hundred outside. When the people of Azy came to take their places, they found the boat half filled with our friends from Château Thierry and from Essomes. M. Nicolet had never been at any of our meetings before, and at first he was not a little astonished at the somewhat free and easy ways of our good friends. But he soon saw how the people came truly to listen and to be taught, and thanks to his excellent addresses, they were not sent away empty. The population in these parts never go near the churches, and at Azy there are no services held except burials and marriages, so the people never hear anything to remind them of God nor of a future life. But it is certain that they have great sympathy for us and they listen to us with wonderful attention.”

So the good work goes on without a break. The table given last April of the ten years' work on the *Bon Messager* showed what has been done in carrying the gospel to these country places, and with two boats now at work, preaching the gospel daily, may we not hope for much blessing to fall on the people, left as they are in ignorance and darkness? Prayer is what we want for this work and for all taking part in it. Do not forget us, dear friends, but take your share in the glad task of holding forth the Word of Life in France.—*Paris Quarterly*.

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In May Pastor Dubois of Geneva gave three lectures in our Rue Royale Hall, his subjects being, “Like Christ, the Model, for Christ, Service, In Christ, Power.”



**HENRY T. HUNTER, D.D.**

We copy from *The Evangelist* of June 26th the following tribute to one whom our Mission could ill spare, one whom many of our Auxiliaries had the inspiration of hearing when he was in this country a few years ago:

The large circle in this country who knew the Rev. Henry T. Hunter, D.D., will sympathize with the McAll Mission in France in the death of this devoted and efficient volunteer worker in that Mission. Dr. Hunter died in Switzerland on April 11th, at the age of sixty-nine, he having been born in this city December 12, 1833, his father being rector of a church in Christopher Street. He was educated at New York University and Union Theological Seminary and was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry in 1876. For three years he was pastor of the Seventh Church in this city, and previous to his ordination and after resigning from the Seventh Church, he was stated supply at Williston and at Hartland, Vt., and at Broadalbin in this State. But his best work was done since 1884 in Paris as a volunteer worker in the McAll Mission, to which he was enthusiastically attached. Many articles from his pen have appeared in American and English papers, and his eloquent presentation of the cause on his visits to this country will be remembered in many churches and Auxiliaries. The Mission Board in Paris keenly feels his loss.

To this we add a few particulars from a private letter:

"Dr. Hunter's love for France dates far back. Huguenot, as well as Puritan, blood ran in his veins. He once related that, when he was a little child six years old, and very delicate, his mother, thinking it better for his health to be out of the city, sent him to a French boarding-school. He grew very fond of one of the teachers, an exile from France for political reasons. This man had fought in the wars and the revolution, and had much to relate of the glories and troubles of France. The little boy never forgot.

"Dr. Hunter spent the years 1854-1858 in Paris as a student. Going about a great deal, he met many eminent literary and political people. He taught in New York from 1858-1860, was principal at Stockbridge, Mass., from 1862 to 1864, and at Bath, Me., in 1867 and 1868. After several years in the ministry, he went to Paris in 1884, being invited by Dr. McAll to come to his aid. From that time almost to his death he worked as a volunteer in the Mission. He used to speak at meetings several times a week, and has spoken in nearly all the halls in Paris and the suburbs. A year ago last July, a Sunday afternoon, in the Rue Royale Hall, he spoke for the last time in Paris, and in December, in the Scotch Church, Montreux, for the last time in his life, in behalf of the McAll Mission.

"He was constantly giving all the money he could spare to the

poor and to good works of all kinds in all countries. He distributed thousands of tracts.

"In Paris, or on trams or trains, he would distribute tracts and testaments with great success, only *once* having any refused. Dark winter afternoons, when unable to write or read, he would fill his pockets with these tracts, and distribute them to all sorts of people.

"The habit of giving to all kinds of good work he kept up until he died. An aged member of his church in New York says that 'Mr. Hunter was very benevolent and gave away large sums to the poor, which was concealed from the knowledge of many by his modesty; that for many years no pastor had done so much in influencing children to learn the shorter catechism.'

"He was obliged to spend much time in Switzerland in later years, but he went right on writing, keeping up his own studies, talking to people, influencing, helping all with whom he came in contact. With his dying breath he prayed for France, the Mission, the dear home land, that the name of Jesus might be exalted and glorified everywhere.

"Dr. Hunter was an only son. His elder sister survives him, the widow of John Sedgwick, Judge of the Supreme Court of New York City."

He is survived also by his beloved wife, who has devotedly shared all his good works and self-denials, and his love for the McAll Mission.

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#### PROGRESS IN CORSICA

The work of the Mission is extending in that supremely difficult field, Corsica. Readers of the RECORD in past years will remember the physical as well as mental sufferings endured by the faithful M. and Mme Mabboux, until their health failed from hardship, and they were necessarily transferred to Boulogne. Their successors have, perhaps, not suffered equally, but their difficulties are still many. All the more joyful, therefore, must the missionaries have been, when they received, a few weeks ago, from the Mayor and principal residents of Aullène, a town in the southern part of the island, an invitation to preach the gospel in that municipality. At first the people were suspicious. They could hardly believe that a Protestant had not horns and hoofs; but suspicion has been succeeded by confidence, doubt by conviction. "Jesus Christ was the first Protestant; we will follow Him," the people

of Aullène and its vicinity are saying; and they are actually taking steps to secure a pastor of their own, Ajaccio, the centre of our work, being too distant for a regular ministry. Nevertheless, there are those who are bitterly opposed to this work. The Evangelist and his wife have been insulted in various ways, and one evening in August an organized attack with stones was made at the close of the meeting. Twelve persons were hurt—none of them seriously—and the result was new accessions from Aullène and the surrounding communes.

### THE MARTINIQUE DISASTER

It may not be generally known among our members that the disaster in Martinique brought grief into a home with which our Mission is connected by many ties of valued service. Mme Mouttet, the wife of the representative of the French government on the island, who perished with her husband, was the daughter of M. De Coppet, the senior pastor of the Church of the Oratoire, a man of letters, a poet and a man prominent in the councils of his church and a life long friend of the McAll Mission. On May 23d a memorial service was held in the historic old church of the Oratoire, which every visitor to Paris has seen on the Rue Rivoli, fronted by the noble statue of Admiral Coligny. On the occasion of this service the church was packed even to the second tier of galleries. The pulpit was draped in black; the government was largely represented, and the procession was led by two presidents of consistories, or as we should say, moderators of presbyteries, the venerable pastors Louis Vernes and A. Gout, followed by the deans and faculties of the Reformed and Lutheran theological schools, the pastors and elders of the Protestant churches. Several speakers were moved to tears in speaking of Mme Mouttet. It may be remembered that M. and Mme Mouttet were at Fort de France when the eruption became menacing, and leaving their children there they hastened—in spite of the remonstrances of friends—to what they deemed the post of duty in the suffering city.

## HOME DEPARTMENT

**Trenton**

The annual meeting of the Trenton Auxiliary was held in the parlors of Mrs. Campbell, a larger number than usual being present. The reports of Secretary and Treasurer showed an increase in the collections over the previous year. No change in the officers was made, with the exception of the Corresponding Secretary. Mrs. Campbell, who has served faithfully for many years, desired to be released, and Miss Ella De Cou was elected to take her place. Delegates were elected to the annual meeting at Morristown.

The survey of the year's work, given by Dr. Rossiter in the April RECORD, was cut short by a single paragraph, owing to the inexorable limitations of space. Two cities visited by Dr. Rossiter are not named in that long list, though they were named by him in his report. It is surely not too late to give the paragraph here.

**St. Louis and  
Indianapolis**

The history of St. Louis was also the history of Indianapolis, where once existed a wonderfully alive, spiritual and spirited Auxiliary. Sympathy was there in many hearts; it needed only to be touched and appealed to. Willingness was there; it needed only to be led out and attached to a living force. A meeting was called, and a McAll contingent leaped into being. This history could be repeated in all cities, where once the McAll interest was in existence. Among the many agents operative for the advance of the Kingdom, the McAll agency must be counted and supported. Let some one, inspired by faith in God and in the cause, arise and call, and there will be many to answer.

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Dr. Rossiter's immediate engagements are as follows:

Holyoke .....	October 12.
Norwich .....	October 13.
New Brunswick .....	November 10.
Brooklyn .....	November 16.
Brooklyn .....	November 19.

## THE PRAYER HOUR

S. B. ROSSITER, D.D.

Ten o'clock p. m. of the eighteenth of August will become more and more the serious devotional hour of the McAll constituency, as that constituency appreciates more deeply the difficulty and the imperativeness of the duty of the evangelization of France. It is an hour set apart, not only because it is the anniversary hour of the most significant incident in the history of the *Mission Populaire*, but because it is a convenient time for all who love the Kingdom of God in France to go apart and pray. In the summer time, especially in August, people are away from household and society cares, and may give a little time to the great missionary interests of their lives. Pentecost will come upon our Auxiliaries when we are all with one accord, at one time and at one place, viz., kneeling before God for blessing upon ourselves and France. Many of the leaders of Auxiliaries found their way to the Throne that night and together bowed in the presence of God. I can give extracts from a few letters only.

Indianapolis writes: "I spent the evening quietly at my home. My mind reverted to the organization of the Indiana McAll Auxiliary in 1886, and to the work that followed, which is and ever will be sacredly united with the name of our sainted Mrs. Emily Ripley, who devoted her whole strength to its success. After reading several articles on the present outlook of the work in France, my prayer ascended to our heavenly Father for His blessing upon dear Mrs. McAll, the work and the workers there, and a like blessing upon the work and workers in our own land." \* \* \*

Dayton writes: "The eighteenth of August is a double anniversary with me, and therefore doubly sacred. Before leaving home for this place, Winona, a bit of money was forced into my hand, an earned extra; it was for me personally and I have set it aside for our good work in France. My prayers went up to God for His blessing on the Mission."

Utica writes: "The members of my family were in the presence of God that eighteenth of August at ten o'clock, with prayers for the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit on the Mission."

Scranton writes: "On the morning of the eighteenth, I wrote a personal note to each member of the Auxiliary, reminding them of the anniversary and asking them to pray at ten p. m., for the blessing of the Holy Spirit upon the work of the McAll Mission, and the workers in this country and in France."

Pittsfield writes: "I sent a card to each of our members, on which was printed, 'McAll Anniversary, 1871-1902, August 18th, 10 o'clock p. m. Suggestions for Private Prayer. Gratitude. Burden of Debt. Quickening of Interest. Renewed and Deeper Consecration. Ask and ye shall receive that your joy may be full.'"

Hartford writes: "I spent the evening of the eighteenth quietly in my own home in prayer for the dear Mission, and in reviving in memory the scenes visited last summer, and of that Sunday evening in Paris when you took me to the spot, corner of Belleville Boulevard and Belleville Street, where Robert McAll received his commission from the Holy Ghost to start a Mission among the French people. I seem always to hear that French workingman speaking for his people, 'Preach to us a religion of freedom and earnestness.'"

Newark writes: "I shall hope to pray more earnestly in the future for our work in France, and for renewed strength to those laboring for that cause in this country."

Meriden writes: "My first thoughts on waking on the morning of the eighteenth were of the day and our McAll work. My text from the 'Quiet Hour' was very appropriate, 'Look not every man on his own things, but also on the things of others'; and my reading in course for that day fell upon the last ten verses of the twelfth chapter of Luke. The notes upon these verses by Campbell Morgan and J. C. Ryle were most significant.

"It seemed wonderful that on this special day these solemn thoughts of what God is doing in the Church and the world should be suggested. My quiet hours both morning and evening were filled with thoughts of the responsibilities of our work and prayer for the workers at home and abroad. Before leaving my room in the morning, I wrote to our Treasurer enclosing my offering. God grant that the observance of this hour may have brought consecration and inspiration to one and all."

**A NEW IDEA**

S. B. ROSSITER, D.D.

A telegram from Old Orchard Beach came on Monday night August the eighteenth and said, "Come." I spent my prayer-hour considering many things connected with McAll work and this message in particular. I never like to say no, when asked to do anything for anybody, and still less when asked to do anything that will further the interests of our Auxiliary work. And so early on Tuesday morning I started for Orchard Beach. I arrived in due time at the hospitable home of Mrs. Green, the President of the Baltimore Auxiliary, whom I had never met before. We had just missed each other in Paris and again at Baltimore; but now the auspicious moment had arrived, and we clasped hands and gave each other greeting in the hall of her summer home. The object of our visit was to hold a McAll meeting as near the eighteenth of August as circumstances would permit. Invitations were to be sent up and down the beach and to Portland, to the ladies of the Portland Auxiliary, and we were to pray and speak and wait on the Lord for any thought He had to give us about the work. In the afternoon of Wednesday, we went apart for a prayer conference, and Mrs. Green was present, and also Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Noyes and Miss Russell of Portland, and Mrs. Harriet Newell Millett, a woman whom God has greatly tried and honored and blessed. We spent a precious hour together, especially asking for God's blessing upon the evening meeting.

At half past seven o'clock, we gathered at "Minnie's Seaside Rest Home," and the large saloon was quickly filled with the guests of the Home, residents of the cottages on the beach and friends from Portland and Canada. Mrs. Green presided. We had a service of song and prayer. Mrs. Green explained somewhat the object of the meeting and introduced the Secretary, who spoke about Paris and the origin of the McAll work, and asked Mrs. Chapman to give some account of the formation and running of an Auxiliary. Mademoiselle Ricou, a young French girl, sang a French hymn, and then the Secretary gave some of the spiritual aspects of the Mission in France. Prayer followed, for we were still waiting on the Lord, for his

thought had not yet been given us. It was during prayer that the thought came to Mrs. Green of an Auxiliary for children. A dear child was born some thirty years ago in a home in the South. She was early given to the Lord, and the Lord filled her childish soul with a more than usual knowledge of Himself and sympathy with human beings. "What we give to God, He takes," but restores to us an hundredfold. God took this young child to Himself, but her work on earth was started. One little expression of hers, "I want to take the tired out of somebody," has been wonderfully blessed. An orphan home in Savannah for many years, and now a rest home for missionaries and Christian workers here on Old Orchard Beach, are the development of that thought, as carried out by loving relatives. And now another thought was given, that Auxiliaries of children and youths, or young people, might be formed by mothers, in the name of absent and blessed ones in Heaven, for the work of that blessed Mission in France that is doing so much for children and young people.

Then some one said "Why not start a parent Auxiliary here and now, and call it "The Minnie's Rest Auxiliary." The suggestion was adopted. Mrs. Green was asked to be President, Mrs. Chapman Vice-President, and Miss N. Wagner, of Baltimore, Secretary and Treasurer. Some twenty-five or more persons became members. The Auxiliary will meet once a year, on the eighteenth of August. Several ideas lie capsule in this Auxiliary. Not only a children's Auxiliary, but an annual gathering of McAll friends who would like to come together for prayer and conference, and other things, looking to the solidifying of the McAll constituency. May God drop this seed corn in the soil of every Auxiliary.

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The New Jersey Auxiliaries will hold their second State convention in New Brunswick, November 10th. Those who attended the Elizabeth meeting last year, know how inspiring and helpful it was. At the present writing the program is not complete, but it includes a morning and afternoon session, with good speakers. The President asks for the prayers of all Auxiliaries that the meeting may be made highly useful.



## McALL HALLS IN AMERICA

The following suggestion from a member of the Morristown Auxiliary may prove a seed thought somewhere.—*Editor.*

To *The Evangelist*:

Your editorial in the number for April 24th on "Volunteers for Home Missions" is striking and timely. The thoughts advanced no doubt have occurred to many who read of the Student Volunteer Movement. Here are the great congested hordes of nations and tribes in our own country, in our great cities, in mining communities, in various industrial centres—and so little is done for their uplift, religious, moral or civil. Few of our people are trained even to speak their languages and while the months and years go by great opportunities are lost.

Why not introduce the McAll Halls among the masses of foreign and home workingmen, on exactly the same plan as they have been so successfully established in France? Many of the conditions of France exist equally here. The words of the Secretary of the McAll Mission apply perfectly to our own crying needs. He says in the same number of *The Evangelist*:

"All the ferment of mind among the thinking classes necessarily reacts upon the working people. Thousands of them will not enter a church, but they are ready to come to the McAll Halls. Thousands who feel a vague religious unrest would never think of seeking peace within church doors, but they come to the Mission perhaps for other reasons, and at least learn that the teachings of these halls tend to peace of soul."

This purely evangelical, undenominational work appeals to countless numbers who have lost their anchor and long for something better than what they find. Scatter these halls through the country. Let some of the trained Home Mission Volunteers enter here on a beautiful work, needed, oh, so much more needed at the present moment than cathedrals! These halls will surely feed the churches as they do in France, and it is plainly possible and desirable for the churches to inaugurate the work.—*J. K. C.*

MORRISTOWN, N. J., May 5, 1902.

## RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION FROM AUXILIARIES AND CHURCHES

MARCH 17, TO SEPTEMBER 17, 1902

MAINE, \$1,223.81		PENNSYLVANIA, \$3,010.89	
Bath Auxiliary . . . . .	\$61 51	Chester and Vicinity Auxiliary . . . . .	\$150 00
Brunswick Auxiliary . . . . .	7 00	Easton Auxiliary . . . . .	122 55
Portland Auxiliary . . . . .	155 30	Philadelphia Auxiliary . . . . .	1204 95
" (Mrs. Chas. J. Chapman		Pittsburgh & Allegheny Auxiliary	1144 00
Special gift to Paris deficit)	1000 00	Scranton Auxiliary . . . . .	177 89
MASSACHUSETTS, \$901.50		West Chester Auxiliary . . . . .	56 00
Amherst Auxiliary . . . . .	\$51 50	Williamsport " . . . . .	15 50
Easthampton Auxiliary . . . . .	69 00	Wilkes-Barre " . . . . .	140 00
Lowell—Solomon Robitschek . . . . .	6 00	DELAWARE, \$325.00	
Northampton Auxiliary . . . . .	46 00	DuPont Memorial . . . . .	\$225 00
Pittsfield Auxiliary . . . . .	55 00	Wilmington Auxiliary . . . . .	100 00
Salem Auxiliary . . . . .	182 00	MARYLAND, \$1,050.00	
Springfield Auxiliary . . . . .	106 00	Baltimore Auxiliary . . . . .	\$1050 00
Whitinsville—Edw. Whitin, Esq. . . . .	50 00	DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$691.25	
Worcester Auxiliary . . . . .	336 00	Washington Auxiliary . . . . .	\$691 25
RHODE ISLAND, \$180.00		OHIO, \$50.65	
Providence Auxiliary . . . . .	\$180 00	Dayton Auxiliary . . . . .	\$35 15
CONNECTICUT, \$1,182.33		Oberlin " . . . . .	10 50
Bridgeport Auxiliary . . . . .	\$17 20	Springfield (Mrs. Christie) . . . . .	5 00
Hartford " . . . . .	394 51	ILLINOIS, \$773.10	
Meriden " . . . . .	423 17	Chicago Auxiliary . . . . .	\$748 10
" Southington Circle . . . . .	15 00	Wheaton . . . . .	25 00
Norwich Auxiliary . . . . .	86 50	MICHIGAN, \$64.75	
New Britain Auxiliary . . . . .	14 00	Detroit Auxiliary . . . . .	\$13 00
New London (A few Friends) . . . . .	50 00	Saginaw Auxiliary . . . . .	51 75
Plainville Cong'l. Church . . . . .	1 95	MISSOURI \$60.25	
Windsor Locks Auxiliary . . . . .	180 00	St. Louis Auxiliary . . . . .	\$60 25
NEW YORK, \$8,057.19		MINNESOTA, \$119.65	
Albany Auxiliary . . . . .	\$305 00	Minneapolis Auxiliary . . . . .	\$66 00
Brooklyn " . . . . .	762 24	St. Paul Contingent . . . . .	53 65
Buffalo " . . . . .	45 00	Special Subscriptions at Annual	
Cleveland " . . . . .	220 50	Meeting, Morristown, N. J., for	
New York " . . . . .	5857 50	Boys' Reading Room at Desvres	\$165 00
New Rochelle Auxiliary . . . . .	30 00	Contributions to La Bonne Nou-	
" (Through Dr. Rossiter) . . . . .	18 50	velle through Dr. Rossiter . . . . .	\$278 00
Rome Auxiliary . . . . .	13 25		
" (Through Dr. Rossiter) . . . . .	13 25		
Rochester Auxiliary . . . . .	113 95		
Syracuse Auxiliary . . . . .	87 25		
Troy Auxiliary . . . . .	420 00		
Utica Auxiliary . . . . .	194 00		
NEW JERSEY, \$2,723.44			
Belvidere Auxiliary . . . . .	\$12 00		
Elizabeth " . . . . .	1055 01		
Morristown " . . . . .	303 00		
Newark " . . . . .	169 55		
New Brunswick Auxiliary . . . . .	578 38		
Orange Auxiliary . . . . .	597 50		
Plainfield " . . . . .	100 00		
Trenton " . . . . .	78 00		

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I do give, devise and bequeath to the American McAll Association the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ dollars.

### FORM OF BEQUEST FOR REAL ESTATE.

I do give and devise to the American McAll Association the following described property.

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May be ordered from the Bureau,

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